### Hold Me Closer (i'll keep you warm)

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# Hold Me Closer (i'll keep you warm)

by eveluvspatches

# Summary

Dream and George both are practically nocturnal, falling asleep at early mornings and waking again at late afternoons.

They were supposed to be on a Jackbox stream but George kept refusing to wake up. Dream took it into his own hands.

#### **Notes**

so basically this is just pure fluff and george is very sleepy throughout the whole thing.

I kinda like how it turned out so I really hope you enjoy:)

this fic is gifted to bunni as a late birthday gift, I love you!

See the end of the work for more notes

There is something special about late nights.

Dream loves to stay up until it's almost impossible for his eyes to stay open. The night makes him feel tingly. A euphoric feeling when the clock ticks to midnight.

When the day turns to dusk, everything is just so much more enjoyable. Jokes that he would have found unfunny or dull become the things that make him laugh until tears start to form in his eyes.

It's sort of like a high in a way to Dream. Being awake so late wasn't an unusual thing for him.

So there he lies, wide awake, laying on his back and observing the texture of the ceiling, imagining himself in random scenarios, zoning away from reality.

That is until a figure laying beside him, shifts, wobbling the bed a bit and taking Dream out of his trance.

Dream casts his gaze towards the man beside him who was now facing Dream. The man's eyes are barely open. His brunette hair is messy, a few strands covering the front of his face. Dream observes the man's eyelashes and admires how long they are, how pretty his umber eyes are as the moonlight seeps through the half closed blinds covering the window. The moonlight illuminates his pale skin with an indescribable glow. Dream is enchanted by the sleepy man that is currently curled up next to him.

The man shifts again and his eyes open all the way.

Dream freezes. He holds his breath as if not to let the man beside him that he was wide awake at such a late time in the night, now actually very early in the morning.

He turns the opposite direction of Dream and forcefully yanks the blanket to cover up his whole body.

Dream stares at him with a confused expression. Is he having a nightmare? Is he for some reason angry at Dream? Was pulling up the blanket so aggressively an accident?

Dream sighs, still confused, then looks back to the ceiling and lets his mind wander all of the

possibilities. He brings his hands from under the blankets close to his face and observes his chipped fingernails.

Soft breaths can be heard amongst the quiet. Dream figures that George must have fallen back to sleep. The sounds are peaceful and barely audible. Sometimes the brunette will snore a little and Dream will stifle a giggle. It's cute.

Dream turns to his side and stares at the back of George's head. The man's hair is growing to be a little long and perhaps a little untamed. Dream thinks it's adorable.

Dream thinks about all of the times George would be editing a video and Dream would come into his office and pull up a chair next to the man, just to be in his presence. He would lay on his arms while his head was face towards George. He would watch the way George's face would tense when he messed something up or the way he would smile a bit when he got something down. Dream softens any time a smile forms on the man's face.

He didn't know how he was so lucky to end up with such a perfect human. George was comparable to an angel, Dream was captivated with him.

Dream feels his eyes grow heavier and watches as the dim room turns into darkness. The last thing he remembers is hearing George's faint breathing before he falls unconscious.

The next thing Dream knows his eyes snap open. He sees the blanket that he was engulfed in be completely stolen and shivers as cold overtakes him. He sits up and looks beside him. He attempts to rub the sleep out of his eyes, still drowsy and very confused.

George has stolen all of the blanket, leaving Dream completely bare. He wraps his arms around his legs.

George shifts again and lets out a huff.

"George?" Dream speaks quietly, his tone warm.

The man slowly turns to face Dream who is holding himself. The room is very cold considering it was late december.

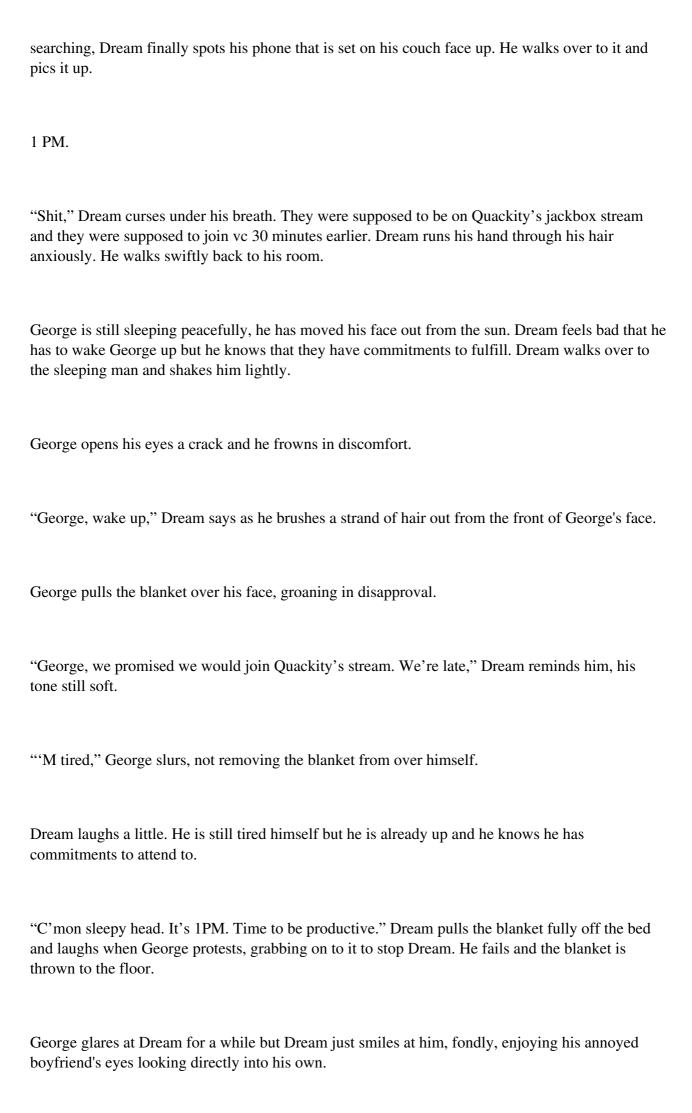
George mumbles something that Dream doesn't quite hear, then closes his eyes again, still facing Dream.
If Dream wasn't so cold he would have left George to continue looking delicate and adorable.
"George," he whispers, moving his hand to lightly tap the top of the blanket that George was quietly laying underneath.
The man doesn't move an inch. Dream almost laughs but he stops himself.
He taps with a little more pressure but is still gentle.
"What do you want?" George asks, his words slurring as they slip from his mouth. His eyes are still closed as he mumbles.
Dream grips on to the blanket and pulls it a little, George counters Dream's action by pulling it back right away. Dream flinches a little bit.
"George, you're hogging the blanket," Dream says, with somewhat feigned annoyance.
George pulls the blanket closer to himself.
"Don't care," George drawls. "Cold."
Dream can't help himself as he smiles a bit. Dream lays back down and moves closer to George, slowly, trying to be subtle.
"Please," Dream whispers very closely to George's ear.

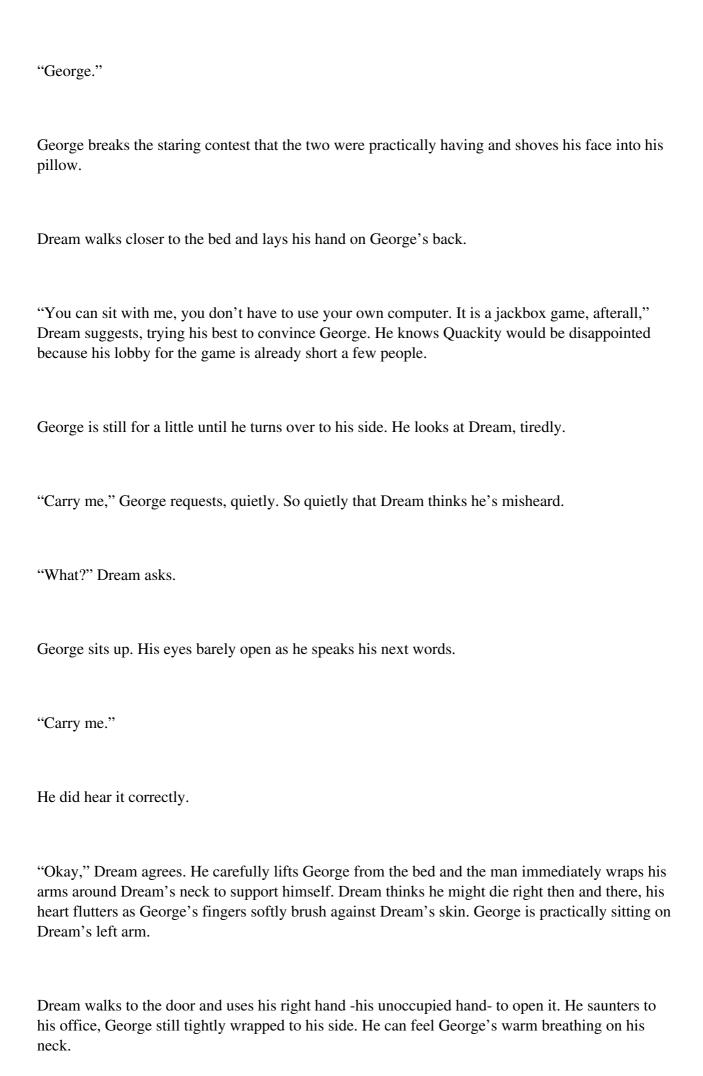
George moves a little bit and after a while finally lifts the blanket enough for Dream to move

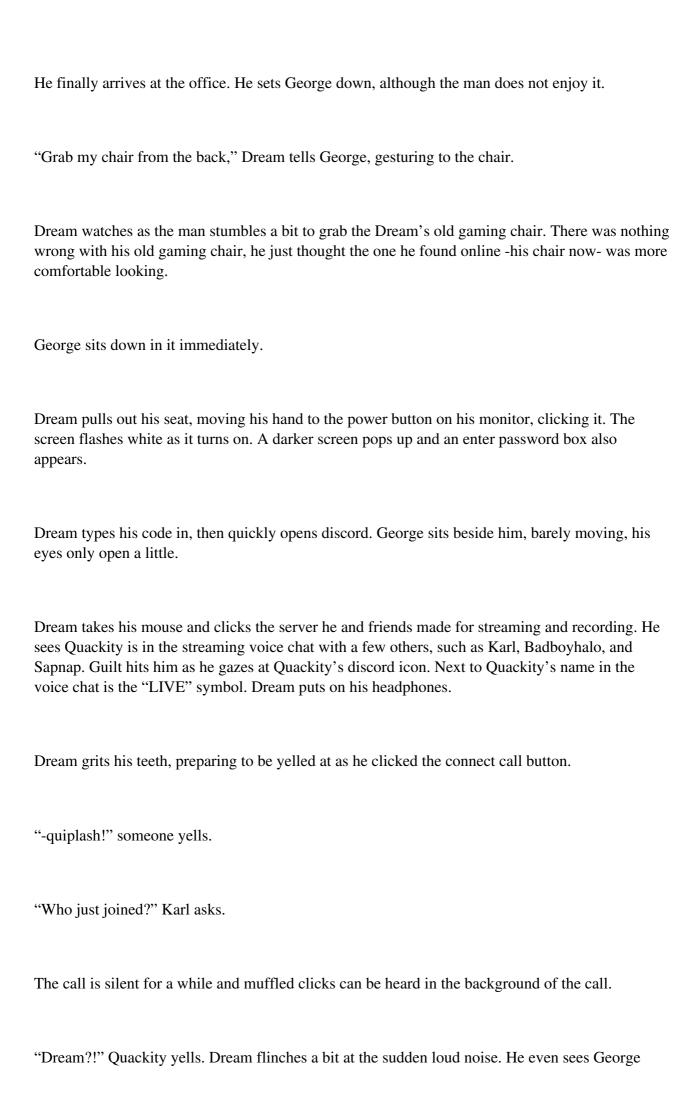


to the sleeping man. George twitches here and there, or says something in his sleep so quietly that it's incoherent. Dream feels his eyes grow heavy again. His fingers falter a bit from tracing George's back, his hand falls on the mattress and he lets the bliss feeling of sleep overtake him. The moon falls and the sun rises. The light seeps through the half open blinds just as the moon had done at night. Dream feels something squirm next to him and his eyes flutter open. The first thing Dream sees when his eyes are fully open makes him think he's still asleep, dreaming of perfection. The sun is shining barely through the window and George is in the perfect position where it highlights his face, making him look more ethereal than usual. His hair looks lighter with the sun beaming on to his soft features. The sun must really be in George's favor. "Wow," Dream speaks, breathlessly. His breath is honestly taken away from such beauty. He must have been louder than he thought because the next thing he knows, the man sleeping peacefully in front of him opens his eyes. He scrunches his face and covers his eyes with his slender fingers, the sun making them more perfect looking. He puts his head down and snuggles into Dream even more. Dream takes his hand and gently brushes in through George's -now very messy- hair. He lets his finger twirl one of George's short hairs. His hair is very fluffy. Dream smiles to himself. The moment doesn't last for long. Dream then remembers something abruptly. He moves from his position to out of the bed, gingerly, careful not to wake the man beside him. Yet.

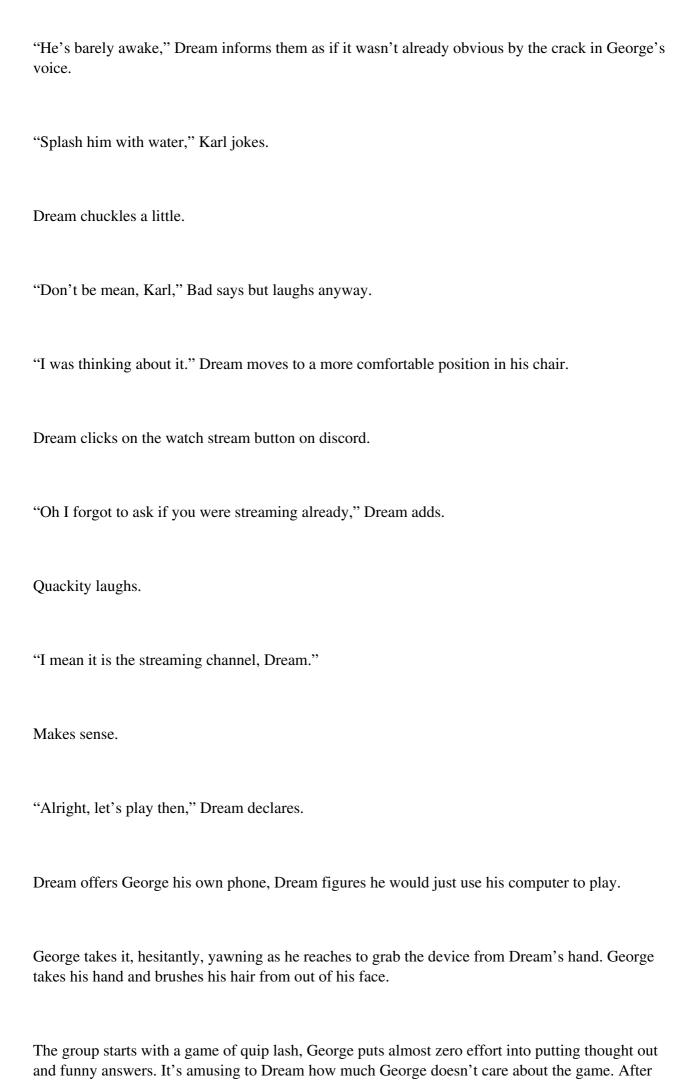
Dream goes searching for his phone, letting his feet take him to his living room. After a while of





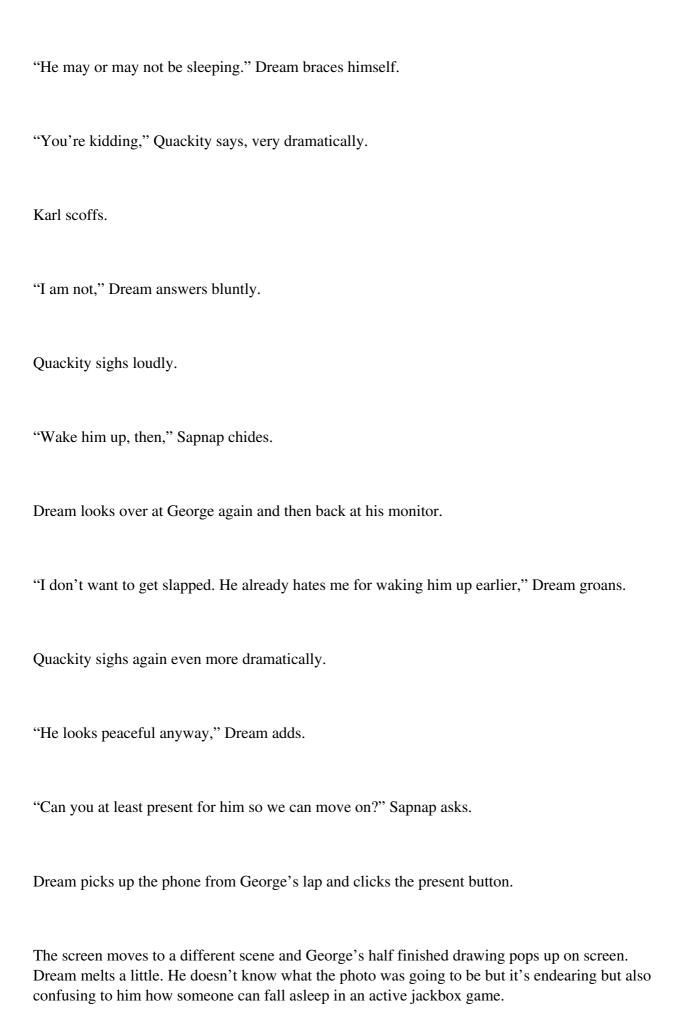


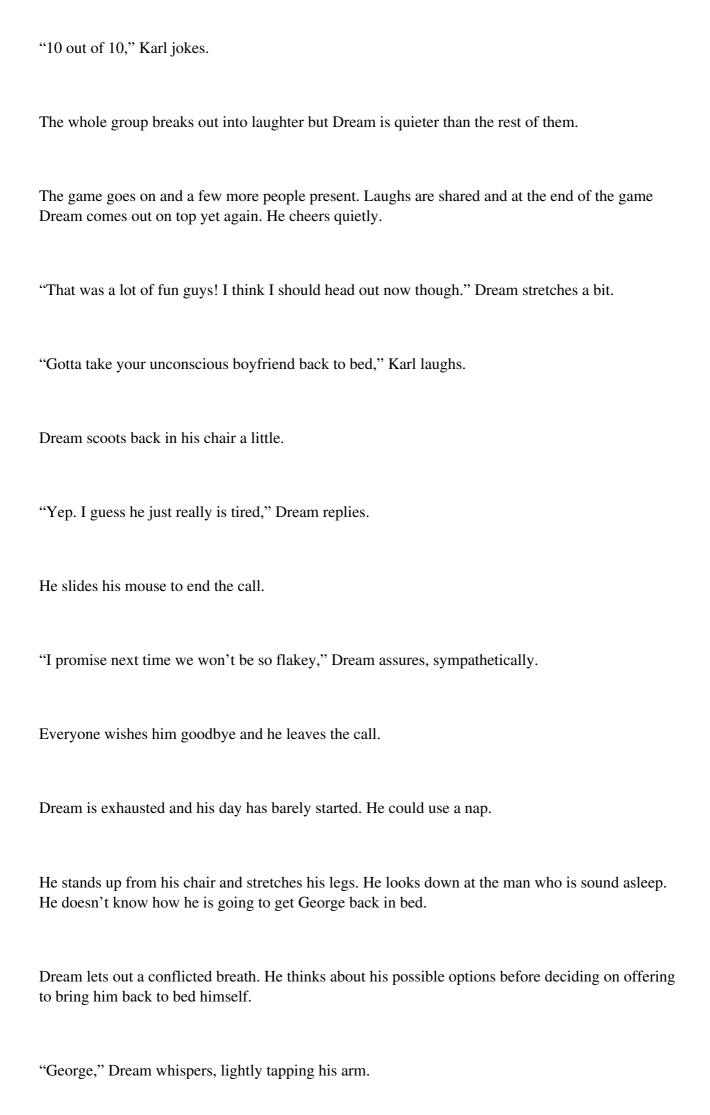


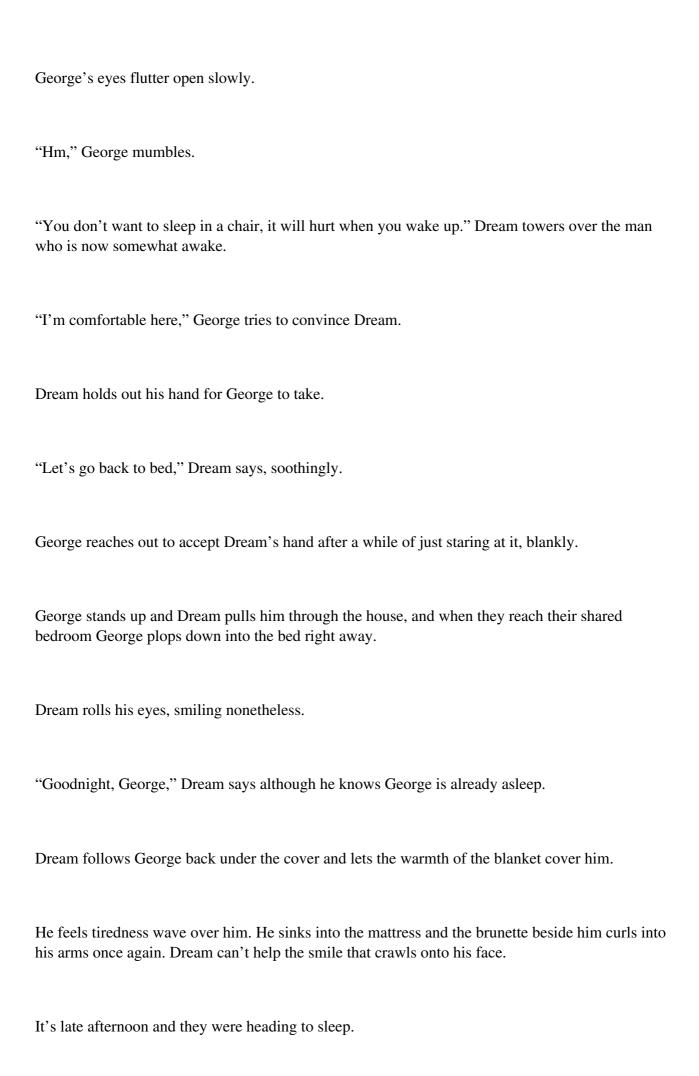




They start the game, having around 2 minutes to create their invention to solve whatever problem the game gave them.
Dream takes his time to come up with something fairly amusing, laughing a bit as he drew what he wanted. He next creates a title and then a description.
The time hits zero and Dream clicks back onto Quackity's stream to watch the presentations.
A few of the group members present, Dream laughing at all of them. They were very stupid but thats what made it so funny.
"Alright, next person presenting is-," Quackity starts.
The screen flashes a name.
"George!" Bad exclaims.
Dream smiles and turns immediately to the man next to him.
Oh.
He is dead asleep. His phone had fallen onto his lap and he was out cold.
"About that-" Dream slowly turned back to his monitor.
Quackity hummed in confusion.
"What?"
Dream was ready to hear lots of complaining.







Dream and George have very terribly screwed up sleep schedules.

## **End Notes**

you finished:D

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